

edward johnson building  
faculty of music  
university of toronto



THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO CONCERT CHOIR

WILLIAM WRIGHT, CONDUCTOR

EDNA CHAN, Accompanist.

WALTER HALL

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24, 1982

8 P.M.

PROGRAM

FROM THE TRIUMPHS OF ORIANA

Published by THOMAS MORLEY

John Bennet

All creatures now are merry merry-minded.  
The shepherds' daughters playing,  
The nymphs are fa-la-laing,  
Yond bugle was well winded.  
At Orianaes presence each thing smileth.  
The flowers themselves discover;  
Birds over her do hover;  
Music the time beguileth.  
See where she comes with flowery garlands crowned,  
Queen of all queens renowned.  
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
Long live fair Oriana.

John Hilton

Fair Oriana, beauty's queen,  
Tripped along the verdant green.  
The fauns and satyrs running out  
Skipped and danced round about.  
Flora forsook her painted bowers,  
And made a coronet of flowers.  
Then sang the nymphs of chaste Diana :  
Long live fair Oriana.

George Marson

The nymphs and shepherds danced  
Lavoltos in a daisy-tapstred valley.  
Love from their face-lamps glanced,  
Till wantonly they dally.  
Then in a rose-banked alley  
Bright Majesty advanced,  
A crown-graced virgin whom all people honour.  
They leave their sport amazed,  
Run all to look upon her.  
A moment scarce they gazed  
Ere beauty's splendour all their eyes had dazed,  
Desire to see yet ever fixed on her.  
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
Long live fair Oriana.

John Farmer

Fair nymph, I heard one telling  
Diana's train are hunting in this chace.  
    To beautify the place  
    The fauns are running,  
The shepherds their pipes tuning  
    To show their cunning.  
The lambs amazed leave off their grazing,  
    And blind their eyes with gazing,  
Whilst the earth's goddess doth draw near your places  
Attended by the Muses and the Graces.  
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
    Long live fair Oriana.

John Wilbye

    The lady Oriana  
Was dight all in the treasures of Guiana.  
And on her Grace a thousand Graces tended.  
And thus sang they - Fair Queen of peace and plenty  
    The fairest Queen of twenty.  
Then with an olive wreath for peace renowned,  
    Her virgin head they crowned.  
    Which ceremony ended  
Unto her Grace the thousand Graces bended.  
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
    Long live fair Oriana.

Thomas Morley

    Hard by a crystal fountain  
    Bright Oran lay sleeping.  
The birds they finely chirped, the winds were stilled;  
Sweetly, with these accenting, the air was filled.  
This is that fair whose head a crown deserveth  
    Which heaven for her reserveth.  
    Leave, shepherds, your lambs keeping  
    Upon the barren mountain,  
And, nymphs, attend on her and leave your bowers,  
For she the shepherds' life maintains and yours.,  
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
    Long live fair Oriana.

THREE SONGS OF LOVE AND LONELINESS

NANCY TELFER

Grey Beast  
In the Rain  
Again with Music



### Der Hirsch, der Hase und der Esel

Ein Hirsch mit prächtigem Geweih  
von achtzehn Enden ging spazieren.  
Ein Hase lief vorbei,  
sah ihn und stutzte.  
Starr auf allen Vieren steht er  
und gafft ihn an, macht Mänschen,  
geht heran und sagt:  
"Sieh mich doch an!  
ich bin ein kleiner Hirsch!  
den spitz' ich meine Ohren  
so hab' ich solch Geweih wie du!"  
Ein Esel hörte zu und sagte:  
"Du hast recht! Wir sind von einerlei  
Geschlecht, der Hirsch  
und ich und Du."  
Der Hirsch tat einen Seitenblick  
und ging in dicken Wald zurück

### Der Esel und die Dohle

Ein Esel mochte lüstern sein  
und wollte auf öffentlichen Gassen  
sein lieblich Stimmchen hören lassen;  
er hub abscheulich an zu schreien.  
Die, so damals vorübergingen,  
verwünschten, schimpften ihn dafür.  
"Pfui," sagte man, "das garst'ge Tier,  
es brüllt, dass uns die Ohren klingen."  
Nur eine Dohle sass dabei,  
die das ertönde Geschrei,  
das alle kluge Welt verfluchte  
mit Fleiss bewunderte  
und nachzumachen suchte.  
Ein Narr trifft allemal  
noch einengrössern an,  
der ihn nicht g'nug bewundern kann.

## THREE PART SONGS

### Die Beredsamkeit

Freunde, Wasser machet stumm  
lernet dieses an den Fischen  
doch beim Weine kehrt sich's um  
dieses lernt an unsern Tischen.  
Was für Redner sind wir nicht,  
wenn der Rheinwein aus uns spricht  
wir ermahnen, streiten, lehren  
keiner will den andern hören.  
Freunde, Wasser machet stumm.

### The Deer, Hare and Donkey

A deer bearing majestic antlers  
with eighteen points went for a walk.  
A hare ran past, saw him and  
stopped short.  
Stock still he stood  
stared, then reared back on haunches  
advanced and said: "Look at me!"  
"Look at me!"  
I am a tiny deer!  
for if I stretch my ears  
I have such antlers as you!"  
A donkey heard this speech and said,  
"How right you are! We are of one  
family, the deer  
and I and you.  
The deer cast them a sidelong look  
and retreated into the thick forest.

### The Donkey and the Jackdaw

A donkey had the desire  
to be heard in public streets  
with his lovely voice.  
He proceeded to brae disgustingly.  
Those who passed by  
cursed and reviled him.  
"Fie," they said, "the loathsome beast,  
his bellowing hurts our ears."  
Only a jackdaw sat nearby  
and listened to the resounding clamour,  
which the clear-sighted world despised,  
yet she admired attentively,  
and tried to imitate.  
Every fool can find another  
who is a still greater fool  
to give him ample admiration.

## FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN

### Eloquence

Friends, water makes you dumb,  
learn this from the fish  
but with wine the reverse is true  
this you discover at table.  
What orators are we not  
when Rhine wine speaks through us.  
We admonish, squabble, instruct  
no one wants to listen to another.  
Friends, water makes you dumb.

FOUR UNACCOMPANIED PART SONGS, OPUS 53

EDWARD ELGAR

There is Sweet Music here that softer falls  
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,  
Or night dews on still waters between walls  
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;  
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,  
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;  
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.  
Here are cool mosses deep,  
And through the moss the ivies creep,  
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,  
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,  
Lonely and lost to light for evermore,  
Save when to thine my heart responsive swells,  
Then trembles into silence as before.  
There, in its centre, a sepulchral lamp  
Burns the slow flame, eternal but unseen;  
Which not the darkness of Despair can damp,  
Though vain its ray as it had never been

O wild West Wind!  
Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:  
What if my leaves are falling like its own!  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies  
Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,  
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,  
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!  
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!  
And, by the incantation of this verse,  
Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth  
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!  
Be through my lips to unawakened earth  
The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?



Owls

What is that? Nothing.  
The leaves must fall, and falling, rustle;  
That is all. They are dead as they fall,-  
Dead at the foot of the tree;  
All that can be is said.  
What is that? Nothing.  
A wild thing hurt but mourns in the night,  
And it cries in its dread, till it lies  
Dead at the foot of the tree;  
All that can be is said. Nothing.  
What is that? Ah! . . .  
A marching slow of unseen feet  
That is all: But a bier, spread with a pall,  
Is now at the foot of the tree;  
All that could be is said; Nothing.

#### INTERMISSION

FROM: FIVE ANIMAL FABLES, OPUS 31

KURT THOMAS

#### Die Stufenleiter

Ein schlauer Sperling  
haschte sich ein blaues Mücken.  
"Ach weh mir Armen!" rief es,  
"Ach Herr, verschone mich,  
lass meiner Jugend dich erbarmen!"  
"Nein," sprach der Mörder, "du bist mein  
denn ich bin gross, und du bist klein."  
Ein Sperber fand ihn bei dem Schmaus.  
So leicht wird kaum ein Floh gefangen  
als Junker Spatz.  
"Gib" rief er aus, "gib mich frei,  
was hab' ich denn begangen?"  
"Nein" sprach der Mörder, "du bist mein  
denn ich bin gross, und du bist klein."  
Ein Adler sah dem Gauch und  
schoss auf ihn herab  
und riss den Rücken ihm auf.  
"Herr König, lass mich los  
du hockst mich ja in Stückchen."  
"Nein" sprach der Mörder, du bist mein  
den ich bin gross, und du bist klein.  
Schnell kam ein Pfeil vom nahen Bühl  
dem Adler in die Brust geflogen.  
"Warum", rief er, in dem er fiel.  
"Warum tötet mich dein Bogen?"  
"Ei," sprach der Mörder, "du bist mein  
denn ich bin gross, und du bist klein."

#### The Stepladder

A clever sparrow  
caught a blue mosquito.  
"Ah, woe is me!" it cried,  
"Dear Sir, spare me,  
have pity on my youth."  
"no," said the murderer, "You are mine,  
for I am large and you are small."  
A sparrow hawk saw him enjoying his prey.  
It was as easy to catch a flea  
as youngling sparrow.  
"Let me loose," he cried,  
"what have I done wrong."  
"No," said the murderer, "you are mine  
for I am big and you are small."  
An eagle saw the fool and  
dropped down on him  
ripping his back.  
"Lord King, let go, you tear me to pieces.  
you tear me to pieces."  
"No," said the murderer, "you are mine,  
for I am big and you are small."  
A rapid arrow flew from nearby glade  
and pleted the eagle's chest  
and "Why me." he cried, as he fell,  
Why does your bow kill me."  
"Ah," said the murderer, "you are mine,  
for I am big and you are small."

Alles hat seine Zeit

Lebe, liebe, trinke, lärm,  
kränze dich mit mir,  
schwärme mit mir  
wenn ich schwärme  
ich bin wieder klug mit dir.

Die Harmonie in der Ehe

O wunderbare Harmonie,  
was Er will, will auch Sie,  
er zählt Dukaten gern,  
und macht den grossen Herrn.  
Er zechet gern, sie auch  
auch das ist ihr Gebrauch.

To Everything there is a Season

Live, love, drink, be boisterous  
embrace with me,  
daydream with me,  
when I dream  
I am once more wise with you.

Harmony in the Marriage

O marvellous harmony,  
what he wishes, she does too,  
he pays out money gladly  
and likes to play Lord of the Manor.  
He likes to drink, and so does she,  
even that is her custom.

THREE MADRIGALS FROM WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

RICHARD FELCIANO

Tell me where is Fancy bred,  
Or in the heart, or in the head?  
How begot, how nourished?  
Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes,  
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies:  
Let us all ring Fancy's knell;  
I'll begin it. - Ding, dong, bell.  
- Ding, dong, bell.

Take, O take those lips away  
That so sweetly were foresworn,  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn:  
But my kisses bring again,  
Bring again -  
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,  
Seal'd in vain!

Fye on sinful fantasy!  
Fye on lust and luxury!  
Lust is but a bloody fire,  
Kindles with unchaste desire,  
Fed in heart whose flames aspire,  
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.  
Pinch him, Fairies, mutually;  
Pinch him for his villainy;  
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,  
Till candles, and starlight and moonshine be out.



# THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO CONCERT CHOIR PERSONNEL, 1982

## SOPRANOS

Judy Anzelo  
Elspeth Beagrie  
Donna Bennett  
Aggie Cekuta  
June Crowley  
Sharon Crowther  
Gloria Fralick  
Karol Kitcher  
Suzanne Toro  
Seana Wood

## ALTOS

Maria Case  
Marg Chivers  
Pat Fujimoto  
Lisa Goosenbeck  
Jackie Hawley  
Judy Landon  
Celine Stavely

## TENORS

Yves Abel  
Ed Franko  
Nick Groeneweger  
David Jellicoe  
David Johnson  
John Meldrum  
Paul Nicholson  
Peter Nickiforuk

## BASSES

Blair Bailey  
Lawrence Cotton  
Bernie Jackson  
Robin King  
Emilio Roman  
Mark Wilson

## COMING EVENTS:

University of Toronto Wind Symphony  
Sunday, March 28, 1982  
3 pm, MacMillan Theatre

University of Toronto Symphony Orchestra  
Saturday, April 3, 1982  
8 pm, MacMillan Theatre

University of Toronto Concert Band  
Sunday, April 4, 1982  
3 pm, MacMillan Theatre